

# ON MAD S of The North

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

## A Story of the Woods, in Which the Adventures of a Pup and a Bear Cub Are Entwined About the Romance of a Man and a Beautiful Girl

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### CHAPTER I

IT WAS late in the month of March, at the dying-out of the Eagle Moon, that Neewa the black bear cub got his first real look at the world. Noosak, his mother, was an old bear, and like an old person she was filled with rheumatism and the desire to sleep late. So instead of taking a short and ordinary nap of three months this particular winter of little Neewa's birth she slept four, which made Neewa, who was born while his mother was sound asleep, a little over two months old instead of six weeks when they came out of the den.

For two weeks after this Noosak remained near the ridge and the slough. Then came the day, when Neewa was eleven weeks old, that she turned her nose toward the distant black forests and began the summer's peregrination. Neewa's feet had lost their tenderness, and he weighed a good six pounds. This was pretty good considering that he had only weighed twelve ounces at birth.

As the days progressed, and living things began to crawl out from under logs and rocks, Neewa discovered the thrill and excitement of hunting on his own account. He encountered a second beetle, and killed it. He killed his first wood-mouse. Swiftly there were developing in him the instincts of Soominik, his scrap-loving old father, who lived three or four valleys to the north of their own, and who never missed an opportunity to get into a fight. At four months of age, which was late in May, Neewa was eating many things that would have killed most cubs of his age, and there wasn't a yellow streak in him from the tip of his saucy little nose to the end of his stubby tail. He weighed nine pounds at this date and was as black as a tar-baby.

It was early in June that the exciting event occurred which brought about the big change in Neewa's life. It was early in the evening that Neewa and his mother lay down in the edge of a grassy knoll to sleep after their day's foraging. Noosak was by all odds the happiest old bear in all that part of the northland. Food was no problem for her. In the creek, panned up in the pools, were unlimited quantities of it, and she had encountered no other bear to challenge her possession.

It was this day, just as the sun was setting, that a man on his hands and knees was examining a damp patch of sand five or six miles down the creek. His sleeves were rolled up, baring his brown arms halfway to the shoulders and he wore no hat so that the evening breeze ruffled a ragged head of blond hair that for a matter of eight or nine months had been cut with a hunting knife.

Close on one side of this individual was a tin pail, and on the other, eying him with the keenest interest, one of the homeliest and yet one of the most companionable-looking dogs ever born of a Mackenzie pound father and a mother half Alredale and half Spitz.

With this tragedy of blood in his veins nothing in the world could have made the pup anything more than "just dog." His tail, stretched out straight on the sand, was long and lean, with a knot at every joint; his legs, like an overgrown boy's feet, looked like small boxing gloves; his head was three sizes too big for his body, and accident had assisted nature in the perfection of his master-piece by robbing him of a half of one of his ears. As he watched his master this half of an ear stood up like a galvanised stub, while the other—twice as long—was perked forward in the deepest and most interested inquiry. Head, feet and tail were Mackenzie-brown, but the ears and the tank, skinny body was a battle royal between Spitz and Alredale. At his present inharmonious state of development he was the dog-pup outside the sphere of a big city.

For the first time in several minutes his master spoke, and Miki whispered:

gled from stem to stern in appreciation of the fact that it was directly to him the words were uttered.

"It's a mother and a cub, as sure as you're a week old, Miki," he said. "And if I know anything about bears they were here some time to-day!"

He rose to his feet, made note of the deepening shadows in the edge of the timber, and filled his pail with water. For a few moments the last rays of the sun lit up his face.

"Miki, I'm lugging your homely carcass down to the girl because you're an unpolished gem of good nature and beauty—and for those two things I know she'll love you. She is my sister, you know. Now, if I could only take that cub along with you!"

He began to whistle as he turned with his pail of water in the direction of a thin fringe of balsams a hundred yards away.

Close at his heels followed Miki, Chailoner, who was a newly appointed factor of the Great Hudson Bay Company, had pitched his camp at the edge of the lake close to the mouth of the creek. There was not much to it—a battered tent, a still more battered canoe, and a small pile of dunnage. But in the last glow of the sunset it would have spoken volumes to a man with an eye trained to the wear and the turmoil of the forests. It was the turn-out of a man who had gone unfeared to the rough-edge of the world, and now what was left of it was returning with him. To Chailoner there was something of human comradeship in the remnants of things that were left of a year's fight with him. The canoe was warped and battered and patched; smoke and storm had blackened his tent until it was the color of rusty iron, and his grub sacks were next to empty.

Over a small fire the contents of a pan and a pot were brewing when he returned with Miki at his heels, and close to the heat was a battered and mended reflector in which a bannock of flour and water was beginning to brown. In the other a boiling fish.

It was in the gray light of the early summer dawn when Chailoner rekindled the fire. Miki followed a few moments later, and his master fastened and tied the rope to a sapling. Another rope of similar length Chailoner tied to the corners of a grub sack so that it could be barrier over his shoulder like a game bag. With the first rose-flush of the sun he was ready for the trail of Neewa and his mother. Miki set up a melancholy wailing when he found himself left behind, and when Chailoner looked back the pup was tugging and somersaulting at the end of his rope like a jumping-jack. For a quarter of a mile up the creek he could hear Miki's entreating protest.

To Chailoner the business of the



WAS THAT ILL-JOINTED, LOP-EARED OFFSPRING OF THE MAN-BEAST AN ENEMY TOO?

day was not a matter of personal pleasure, nor was it inspired alarm by his desire to possess a cub along with Miki. He needed meat, and bear pork thus early in the season would be exceedingly good; and above all else he needed a supply of fat. If he bagged this bear, time would be saved all the rest of the way down to civilization.

It was 8 o'clock when he struck the first unmistakably fresh signs of Neosak and Neewa. It was at the point where Noosak had fished four days previously, and where they had returned yesterday to feast on the "ripened" catch. Chailoner was eating. He was sure that he would find the pair along the creek and not far distant. The wind was in his favor, and he began to advance with greater caution, his rifle ready for the anticipated moment. For an hour he travelled steadily and quietly, marking every sound and movement ahead of him, and waiting his finger now and then to see if the wind had shifted. After all, it was not so much a matter of human cunning. Every-

thing was in Chailoner's favor. In a wide, flat part of the valley where the creek split itself into a dozen little channels and the water rippled between sandy bars and over pebbly shallows, Neewa, and his mother were nosing about lazily for a breakfast of crawfish. The sun made the soft hair on his back fluff up like that of a purring cat. He liked the plash of wet sand under his feet and the singing gush of water against his legs. He liked the sound that was all about him, the breath of the wind, the whistles that came out of the spruce-tops and the cedars, the murmur of water, the twit-twit of the rock rabbits, the call of birds, and more than all else the low, grunting talk of his mother.

It was in this sun-bathed sweep of the valley that Noosak caught the first whiff of danger. It came to her in a sudden twist of the wind—the smell of man!

Instantly she was turned into rock. There was still the deep scar in her shoulder which had come, years before, with that same smell of the one

enemy she feared. For three summers she had not caught the faint in her nostrils and she had almost forgotten its existence. Now, so suddenly that it paralyzed her, it was warm and terrible in the breath of the wind.

In this moment, too, Neewa seemed to sense the nearness of an appalling danger. Two hundred yards from Chailoner he stood a motionless blotch of jet against the white of the sand about him, his eyes on his mother, and his sensitive little nose trying to catch the meaning of the menace in the air.

Then came a thing he had never heard before—a spitting, cracking roar—something that was almost like thunder and yet unlike it; and he saw his mother lurch where she stood and crumple down all at once on her fore legs.

The next moment she was up, with a wild whoop in her voice that was now to him—a warning for him to fly for his life.

Like all mothers who have known the comradeship and love of a child, Neosak's first thought was of him. Reaching out a paw, she gave him a sudden shove, and Neewa lagged it wildly for the near-by shelter of the timber. Noosak followed. A second shot came, and close over her head there sped a purring, terrible sound. But Noosak did not hurry. She kept behind Neewa, urging him on even as that pair of red-hot iron in her groin filled her with agony. They came to the edge of the timber as Chailoner's third shot bit under Noosak's feet.

A moment more and they were within the barricade of the timber. Instinct guided Neewa into the thickest part of it, and close behind him Noosak fought with the last of her dying strength to urge him on. In her old brain there was growing a deep and appalling dread, something that was beginning to cloud her vision so that she could not see, and she knew that at last she had come to the uttermost end of her trail. With twenty years of life behind her, she struggled now for a last few seconds. She stopped Neewa close to a thick cedar,

and as she had done many times before, she commanded him to climb it. Just once her hot tongue touched his face in a final caress. Then she turned to fight her last great fight.

Straight into the face of Chailoner she dragged herself, and fifty feet from the spruce she stopped and waited for him, her head drooped between her shoulders, her sides heaving, her eyes dimming more and more, until at last she sank down with a great sigh, barring the trail of their enemy.

When Chailoner came up she was dead.

CHAPTER II

FROM his hiding place in a crotch of the spruce Neewa looked down on the first great tragedy of his life, and the advent of man. The two-legged beast made him cringe deeper into his refuge and his little heart was near breaking with the terror that had seized upon him. He did not reason. It was by no miracle of mental process that he knew something terrible had happened, and that this tall, two-legged creature was the cause of it. His little eyes were blazing just over the level of the crotch. He wondered why his mother did not get up and fight when this new enemy came. Frightened as he was, he was ready to snarl if she would only wake up ready to hurry down the tree and help her. But not a muscle of Noosak's huge body moved as Chailoner bent over her. She was stone dead.

Chailoner's face was flushed with excitement. Necessity had made of him a killer. He saw in Noosak a splendid pet, and a provision of meat that would carry him all the rest of the way to the southland. He leaned his rifle against a tree and began looking about for the cub. He knew the edge of the wild told him it would not be far from his mother, and he began looking into the trees and the nearby thickets.

In the shelter of his crotch, screened by the thick branches, Neewa made himself as small as possible during the search. At the end of half an hour Chailoner disappointedly gave up his quest and went back to the creek for a drink before setting himself to the task of skinning Noosak.

No sooner was he gone than Neewa's little head shot up alertly. For a few moments he watched, and then slipped backward down the trunk of the cedar to the ground. Chailoner heard him cry as he came back, and something seemed to grip hold of his heart suddenly and choke him. He had heard children crying like that; and it was the motherless cub!

Creeping up behind a dwarf spruce he looked where Noosak lay dead, and saw Neewa perched on his mother's back. He had killed many things in his time, for it was his business to kill, as he had learned, his grotesque creatures that others killed. But he had seen nothing like this before, and he felt all at once as if he had done murder.

"I'm sorry," he breathed softly, "you poor little devil; I'm sorry!"

(To Be Continued.)

## The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



## Glimpses Into New York Shops.

YOU can easily bring your last season's full plated skirt up to date. Simply draw in the fullness at the bottom with a band of satin to give it the narrow at the ankle effect. Such models are among the new offerings in the shops.

The new dress silks are beautiful in their soft tones. The absence of loud striking colors or patterns is noticeable.

Coin dots are prominent this season. Navy blue silks with dots the size of half a dollar are not at all bizarre. The dots are in soft tones of green, yellow and coral edged with a white hair line circle. There are also exquisite volles with the large coin dots which sell at \$1.65 a yard. Those in black and white effects are particularly attractive. There is an increasing demand for volles as the season advances.

Blue and black serge with a deep embroidered border in self or contrasting color are receiving attention. One pattern in all black has an eighteen inch border and sells at five dollars a yard. Another is exquisite and can be had at seven dollars a yard. These prices are not exorbitant when one considers that it requires only one and a half yards of this material to make a dress.

A novelty in negligees are the strictly tailored models. They have absolutely no trimming and even though they are developed in striking yellow fabrics they seem to be finding favor with shoppers.

As is usual in the summer the new handkerchiefs show decided color effects. Plaids and stripes are prominent. The elaborately embroidered handkerchief is scarce. When embroidery is used at all it is in some suggestive pattern and hems are narrow.

The new parasols are out and it is apparent that the plain effects which will serve as protection against either the sun or rain are in special demand and they look very chic with

their narrow borders of contrasting color and the handles in shades to harmonize with the color of the parasol.

Many of the new summer frocks in soft silk have the skirt made in horizontal tucks from waistline to hem and the bodice is perfectly plain with, perhaps, buttons at the side front closing and an oval neck line.

The new wash skirts show the usual line of tailored effects in linen, poplin, pique and cotton bengaline, but there are pretty styles in the softer effects in volles, dimity and organdy that are interesting discerning women.

The chamolis suede gloves are so pretty and well made this season that they are strong rivals of the silk glove as leaders in summer fashions. Women who object to a tanned skin will never wear silk gloves and for them the chamolis suede is just the thing.

### Blown by Trade Winds.

JAPAN'S exports to China increased more than 400 per cent between 1913 and 1917. The 1913 figures were \$77,320,000; by 1917 they had jumped to \$318,380,000.

Belgium before the Great War occupied fifth place among the great world powers in the commerce of the world. Russia and Italy, with their great populations, stood lower down in the list of commercial countries.

The trade of the United States with the Far East last year represented 18 per cent. of a total trade of more than \$1,600,000,000. Before the war we had only 8 per cent. of the trade represented by China's 400,000,000 consumers.

Italy and Spain are the only European countries producing mercury. Before the war Italy exported all its mercury to Germany as raw material; the Germans worked out the mineral and then exported it to all countries, Italy included.

## Original Dress Designs For the Smart Woman

By Mildred Lodewick

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An Appealing Alliance of Lace and Chiffon.

A LITTLE frock that could make its welcome felt in any woman's wardrobe this summer is the pretty model shown to-day. It possesses that rare combination of qualities, dressiness, and practicality. The dressiness is achieved through the delightful medium of soft thread-run lace and chiffon, while practicality is achieved through the severe lines and long-sleeved style. The woman of limited means will appreciate these combined features in a gown, and also will she like in this one the simple style which makes copying so easy. There are no small and fussy pieces either to cut or keep track of, the main portions of the frock being all, with the trimming quality supplied by the contrast of fabrics. The chiffon may be in some delicate color such as orchid or apple green, or lime yellow, which would bring out the plainer the distinctive lines. In the front the bodice parts away from the neck to show a front section of the lace and the skirt honors its good judgment by opening its tunic the same distance in front to reveal the lace foundation. This lace portion should be lined with thin white or flesh pink China silk. The sleeves are so wide at the base that they blow about the arm, being confined nevertheless at the edge. They may be kimono style or set into the armhole, but the set-in sleeve always sets better and is more comfortable. I have suggested a tiny plaiting as a finish for the neck, though the matron who would choose it may employ a men's coat covered with the chiffon, or a bias chiffon fold. The little ribbon bow matching in color, but of a little deeper shade, is the telling note of definition to the costume. Deep coral, lace and the same color georgette or indestructible voile is a practical suggestion for this design.



THIS DESIGN PORTRAYS A WELCOME FROCK FOR A LIMITED WARDROBE.